

# Bargains THAT ARE Bargains.

OFFERED FOR 10 DAYS BY  
THE MARSH NEWS STAND AND ICE CREAM PARLOR.

## Souvenir Post Cards

ONE CENT EACH OR SIX FOR FIVE CENTS

We have over SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND cards, some of them are right off the press. All kinds of cards, comics birthday and flower cards, all go at the same price. Eighteen different six color local views.

One Cent Each for Choice of any Post Card in the Store.

## Box Paper

Each box contains 24 sheets of paper and 24 envelopes.  
Regular 50 cent values at **30c** per box  
25 and 30 cent values **15c** " "

You certainly afford to answer those letters you owe when you can buy writing material this cheap.

20 per cent off **Wall Paper** 20 per cent off

This means one-fifth off of our regular retail prices which is certainly below most other dealers. Our line is not very large just at present as we have had a wonderful sale on this line, but perhaps you can find something to suit you.

## BARGAIN PRICES on the Following Lines

Base Ball Goods, fancy case pipes, 25c pipes, cigarettes, Books, Novels, French Harps, Typewriter ribbons, Purses, Pocket Books, Dolls, Toilet Cases, Fancy China, Fishing Tackle.

Don't forget our Soda Fountain and Ice Cream Parlor. We serve drinks that are good and cold, Ice Cream is home made, sold and delivered at any time, packed if desired at **30c** qt.

# Marsh News Stand & Ice Cream Parlor.

## The Newspaper.

The Newspaper is a reflection of the actions of a community. The life of a community depends upon its actions. The acts of the people are told in the columns of the paper.

The activity of the business man is told by their advertising—no ad, very little life and activity.

## Do You Advertise?

Read The Tribune.  
This is our Bargain Month.

### Carnival Times.

As this is carnival week the younger generation will want to go and the older ones will have to take them.—Rich Hill (Mo.) Tribune.

The simple item reproduced above from one of the Missouri country papers speaks a life's history. It smacks of red lemonade, barefoot boys, giggled and tucked little girls, proud fathers and queenly mothers. You can see the hand of the infant in that of the parent and the wonder expressed in his eyes as the mysteries of the carnival are unfolded. Out there beside the big tent are the boys who have reached the girl taking care. Perhaps they are intent on the feast being unfolded to them, and perhaps their pride over and anon draws their glances toward the fair vision of she who has come into their youthful existence with the beauty of the inland flower and the warmth of

a Summer Zephyr. The shrill music peals forth. The acrobats peel off. The laughter of all increases and soon the carnival spirit grips and sways the happy care free throats. Mayhap there is one sad face in the entire crowd. If so, it probably is the man who harkens back to his boyhood only to find that it is not there and never was for him. The call of the plough or the demands of the fate which brought him into the world had to be met. Yet in his heart there is a warmth of feeling engendered by the sight of happy, rolling red boys and real girls being taken to the carnival "by the older folks"—St. Louis Star.

Emil Kraet and family, who for the past four months have been in charge of the Southern Hotel, departed Monday for Kansas City to make their future home. The hotel is now under the management of Mrs. Steele of Rich Hill. —Cass County Democrat.

### OLD-TIMER IN LAMENTATION.

Tramp Printer Regrets the Passing of the Day of Forceful and Vivid Reporting.

"No," said the old tramp printer, "reportin' ain't what it used to be. The rugged strength, the grandeur and ginger is all gone."

"Listen," he said, "to this here description of T. DeWitt Talmage what Comp Stick of the Tin Can Scimitar write in '23."

In a voice vibrant with admiration the veteran said:

"Sweat trickled from the back of his disordered hair along the ravines and furrows of his haggard face. He advanced and retreated, rising upon his toes and coming down on his heels with a dislocating jerk that made the windows rattle, pausing occasionally to inhale through his dilating nostrils tempestuously, and then emitting a shrieking epigram or apostrophe that thrilled the blood like a wild cry at midnight in a solitary place." —Los Angeles Times.

### RUSHING ON HIS FATE.



Marie—Reggie has proposed five times to me, but I don't know whether to accept him or not.

Harold—Such a reckless chap as that deserves to get married.

### NEW USE FOR OLD BACHELORS.

The "mat chaperon" is a novelty in London and he promises to become permanent, says a writer in the New York Press. Taking out a girl relative or child of an invalid friend is one of the hardest duties of the married woman. It was a happy thought to turn the dull bachelors, long past their youth, to some use. The men, too, have been flattered by this easy responsibility, and they take honest delight in guiding the young misses through the London drawing rooms, theaters and all the rest. The plan might be tried here, if the comfort loving old bachelors could be tempted long enough from their clubs.

### DAUGHTER OF NEW ENGLAND.

"One's house is almost like one's body, when it is so much a part of life," said Sarah Orne Jewett, who lived at Hamilton house, the ancestral home at South Berwick, Me., where she died. "I was born here and I hope to die here, leaving all the lilac bushes green and growing," she said, and happy indeed is the woman who has a home to live in and at the end to die in.

### THE SEASHORE KIND.

The moon painted on the sea a path of quivering silver.

"But," she murmured, "it isn't right for you to say you love me. You must only think it."

Smiling, he strained her to him yet more closely.

"But I don't think it," he retorted, "I only say it."

### NATURE'S ECONOMY.

"Looky yere, mammy," said Pickaninny Jim, "at de knot holes in dis here piece of wood. What does you 'speck dem is fur?"

"Why, honey," answered Aunt Elvira Ann, "den's de button holes what de branches is fastened on to de trees."

### NOT SPOILED.

The Editor—Look here! You've engaged a married woman to run our "home-and-mother" department.

The Sub—Yes, but she's only been married three months, and she lives at a hotel. She'll be all right, I think.—Cleveland Leader.

### THE SLOW SUITOR.

Him—Am I the first man you ever kissed?

Her—You're the first one I ever had to. The others kissed me.

### GREAT ACTRESSES ARE SLIM

But They Need Not Be Slender Enough to Invite Unkind Remark of French Critic.

Sir Charles Wyndham, at a dinner in New York, discussed the leanness of actresses.

"It is odd," said he, "but the thinner an actress is the greater she is apt to become. To be thin, somehow, is to be artistic. Look at Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, the divine Sarah."

"Once, at a reception that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt gave in Paris," he said, "she led us all up to admire a new portrait of herself. It was a beautiful work. Very thin—she hardly weighed 15 pounds in those days—the actress in a gold-colored gown posed sinuously, a huge white dog beside her."

"A French critic started us all, as we were grouped about the picture, by exclaiming with a loud, rude laugh:

"Ah! A dog and a bone." —Exchange.

### EVENING UP SCORES.



The Lady—I gave you a piece of pie last week and now you have been sending your friends over here, ever since.

Weary Bill—Now, den wuz me enemies.

### BEST FARM FOR HORSES.

Baltimore is about to open its rest farm or fresh air home for horses under the management of the Animal Refuge association. It is a charitable enterprise, as only the horses of poor cabmen and hacksters who are unable to care for their animals when they become ill, will be received at the farm. These men are forced to let their horses suffer and sometimes to sell them when they are unfit for work. When the horse of a poor owner becomes ill now he has only to notify the Animal Refuge association, and for \$2 a month his horse will be taken to the farm, where it can revel in clover and forget the hot and dusty streets and the rough cobblestones until it is well.

### THE COLDFROOF MINER.

"Yes, I am a coal miner," said the excursionist in black. "You can tell it by my pallor and the bluish color of my nostrils and tongue, due to the inhalation of coal dust."

"Mining is hard work, dangerous work, but there's one good thing about it—it keeps you from catching cold. In this hot July weather, the same as in the blizzards of February, the temperature and the humidity of the mines are always the same and this makes miners, somehow, coldproof. In fact, I never had a cold in my life."

### WHAT DELAYED HIM.

"You're an hour late. What delayed you?"

"Some unlucky cuss dropped a dollar in the gutter, and I was getting it out."

"Why did that take you so long?"

"I had to stick around until he went away before I could get it."

### DIDN'T SEEM RIGHT.

"I hope you came out of that horse deal with a clear conscience."

"Yes," answered Mr. Smiling, "but it kind of worries me. My conscience is so unusually clear that I can't help feelin' I must have got the worst of the deal." —Stray Stories.

### METHOD.

"I'm scared stiff."

"What's the matter?"

"My wife says she don't want any new summer clothes."

"Think she's losing her mind?"

"No, I'm afraid she wants me to get an automobile."